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## CAPTAIN TIGHTFITT'S ACCOUNT OF HIS LAST DINNER-PARTY.

My favourite entertainment is a dinner-party. I have come to the time of life for it. An evening-party is all very well for women and young people; but the mature of the robust sex require the solid charms of dinner. When I retired from the army, and set up house with Mrs Tightfitt in —, we quickly fell into a nice circle of dinner-giving acquaintance, with whom we have ever since lived on terms of the greatest amity. Times may change—consols may be at 78, and half Manchester at half-time—but it never makes any difference in our nice quiet town. I am afraid some of my friends do not enjoy a well-furnished table the less, when the conversation turns upon (as a prominent newspaper subject) the distresses of the country. My friends, however, like myself, are all moderate men, engaged in the cultivation of the Respectabilities. We deprecate excesses of whatever kind, and always feel extremely sorry when any of our acquaintance begins to shew symptoms of want of self-control. So existence goes on with us, as with thousands of other well-off people, who have little else to think of than how to live in as pleasant a manner as possible.

We had a very nice party at Sobraon Lodge last Tuesday afternoon, ten guests being present, most of them married couples. The gentlemen being all of them lovers of good wine, and accustomed to the best, I deemed it necessary to set forth the prime qualities my cellar could afford. Besides Sherry and Bucellas on the table at dinner, we had Champagne and Sauterne handed about; and I think the consumpt was three bottles of the former, and two of the latter. At the conclusion of what, I believe, may fairly be described as an elegant dinner, we had ice, chased by brandy and other cordials. The whole went off in capital style, and left the company in the finest possible humour. As I looked along the table, my heart rejoiced in the joy depicted on the friendly faces which met my gaze. The cloth being removed, the decanters were brought forward and set in circulation—first that ancient binity, Port and Sherry, in a double slider upon wheels; then Madeira, followed immediately by a small black bottle of Amontillado; finally, the silver-handled jug; being five in all. The ladies took their statutory glass each, and then retired to the drawing-room, to discuss bonnets, the characters of nursery-maids, and other profound, but to themselves exclusively interesting questions. We gentlemen, seven in number, sat still to have a little quiet chat over our wine.

The conversation proved to be of a curiously mixed character, all owing to two of the company, who chanced

to be determined talkers, but who on this occasion were set upon two totally opposite topics. Quartley—an old officer, like myself—would speak of nothing but wine. Dr Bowtell—a medical man, and a philanthropist—was eloquent on a visit he had lately paid to a large manufacturing town, and some inquiries he had made into the habits of the humbler class of its inhabitants. Each kept up his own strain of talk without much regard to the other, some of the company listening to and joining with the one, and some with the other, according as they severally could command attention, whether by the interest of their topics or the emphasis and vociferation with which they discussed them. The consequence was, the most curious set of cross-readings which it was ever my lot to encounter.

'That's capital Sherry of yours, Tightfitt,' said Quartley; 'may I ask where you got it?'

'By all means. A friend of mine picked up two gross of it at the sale of the cellar of the Spanish ambassador, and he let me have a small share of the spoil.'

'Very high?'

'Oh, enormous: eighty-four shillings. I don't grudge it, however, since it has turned out so fine.'

Here the company in general helped themselves to the Ambassador—looked critically through their glasses, drank, smacked their lips, and allowed their countenances to settle down into a tone of knowingness, mixed with satisfaction.

'Well, as I was saying, I made a tour of the wynds, attended by a policeman. We started at eleven o'clock at night, and spent two hours in making our round. Such scenes we saw! *surface-drainage* everywhere, including the creaking stairs. Rooms of fourteen feet by twelve, strewn with thirty-eight half-naked human beings, of all ages and both sexes. Such an exhibition of what vice and that odious habit of drinking will reduce humanity to, it is absolutely sickening to think of. If the Cholera come, what a harvest he must meet with in that festering mass of misery! Within a few streets, we have the residences of placid well-to-do citizens, who seem totally unaware of there being such a focus of pestilence in their neighbourhood.'

'I am told, Tightfitt, that Port has rather been coming in again of late. When I was in London in spring, I made careful inquiries to see if there was such a thing as a really good old ripe article to be had, and I was told that a kind of vein of it has lately been hit upon in Ireland, owing to the break-up, I suppose, of a few old family-cellars, in the late revolution of property there. I secured a very small parcel, which had come out of Castle Fuddle in County Down, celebrated by Sir Jonah Barrington for its hospitality—a dreadful price though.'

'How much?'

'A hundred and five. Perfectly frightful, isn't it?'

'Oh, why, it may not be too much for a genuine dry Port, as Ports once were. You must let us taste it some day, Quartley.'

'I asked my guide if there were many thieves amongst these wretched people. "Oh," said he, "there is every kind of wickedness here." "And to what do you attribute it," said I, "that there are such hordes of outcast wretches in every British city, while there is no such thing in any other country, at least nowhere to the same extent, and in many countries—for instance, America—nothing of the kind at all?" "Why, sir," says he, "we can easily see how it comes about here. Our city supports a public-house for every fifteen families. All our poor people suck in whisky as they suck in the air. So, while there are some who escape free, many acquire intemperate habits; and where these are, as we well know, there can be neither health, wealth, nor decency. You see before you the dregs of the cup; but all through the homes of the working-classes there are degrees of the same vice, and the same kind of consequences. Drink is the bane of the poor man, sir."

'O yes, Bowtell, there can be no doubt of that. They might all be very well off if they only would keep sober. If they will make beasts of themselves, how can we help it?'

'Tightfitt, the jug is empty. Shall I ring the bell?'

'If you please—thank you.'

'By the way, how is your stock of Forty-one? Getting low, I fear?'

'Rather. I shall soon be driven up to my Forty-four, I suspect. However, Forty-four is turning out a capital claret, and I have lately been laying in an additional half-pipe of it.'

'I hear that Forty-eight is to be the next good claret, and I understand it is beginning to be in request in the metropolis. We must be on the outlook for it, Tightfitt. I should not care if I joined with you for a pipe of it, though I daresay it can't be fit for drinking for two or three years to come.'

'Very well; you know I am always disposed to be neighbourly in those things. Shall I write to Paris, or shall we deal with your London friend? Perhaps Butler would like to go in the same venture—possibly Wells too. What say you, gentlemen? Shall we have a half-pipe each, making two altogether?'

'The money spent on whisky by these poor people is absolutely astonishing. From five to ten shillings a week may be considered as an average allowance for drink, out of the weekly wages of a very large proportion of our artisans. Glasgow could support the whole civil list of Great Britain out of her own spendings in this way. There need not be a poor man in the country, barring the old and disabled, and scarcely even them, if only drink were taken out of our way.'

'Come, Bowtell, pass the decanters; but first help yourself, if you please.'

'And just think how little there can be of a noble morality, or of any aspiration towards things out of and above this life of ours, where the only relief from long hours of toil is in the coarse enjoyments of the tavern. It is the opinion of many, that an improved class of amusements is necessary, as part of the proper means for elevating the industrious orders; and I heartily wish that something of the kind were set about, while not neglecting direct appeals to the higher sentiments, such as the clergy and others would wish to make. Some think to wean men away from public-houses by the charms of a scientific lecture; but it is all in vain. A tavern-parlour, with a small band of musicians, and a vocalist or two, carries it hollow from the lecture-room.'

'I must say, Tightfitt, I don't like that Port of yours quite so much as what we had from you at your last

party a fortnight ago. It is not quite the same, I think?' [Careful inspection of colour, and an air of strong mental introspection on the countenance of the speaker, as if he were following something down his own throat.]

'Why, what is the difference, think you?'

'I can hardly tell. Quite as good bouquet, I should say, but not just the same *fine farewell flavour* the last had. Is it really the same?'

'Try a bottle of a different lot which I think I have had rather longer.' [I give particular orders to an attendant, who *exit*.]

'And to think how the poor people are at once drugged and pillaged at those beer-palaces they frequent—how the stuff for which they lose the world and everything most precious to them, is, after all, a mockery and a cheat! Oh, I have really no patience with it!'

'Well, here is a specimen of the other lot of Port—tell me, Quartley, how this pleases you?'

'Ah, that is very different. That must be the right thing at last.' [Decanter circulated under general expressions of satisfaction. I was rather amused to discover afterwards, that, by mistake, the wine was precisely the same as the last.]

'Not quite the same *Romeo*, as our friend Jones calls it. By the way, did you hear what that bitter wretch Sharpe said of Jones's last party?'

'No; tell us.'

'Why, when asked what sort of affair it had been, he answered in his keen way: "I haven't much to say of it, sir, but just this—that the wine was all corked, and the company all screwed."

'Ha! ha! ha!'

'Not so bad, after all, as what he said of White's first party.'

'What was that?'

'"Strange fare, sir," said he: "we had brown soup at dinner; then brown soup again under the name of port-wine after dinner; and, finally, brown soup once more as coffee in the drawing-room." Deadly, isn't he?'

'Without education, to enable the poor to see their present habits in a proper light, and train them to aim at better things, I don't see how we are permanently to improve their condition. Ragged-schools are merely a remedy, and an imperfect one, for the mischief after it has taken place. What is wanted is a really improving education for the whole community! Men must be brought to set their hearts on higher and purer things than the whisky-bottle and the beer-jug. Thus we shall prevent the mischief from taking place. Some of our friends sneer at the total-abstinence principle; but, for my part, I am a friend to it. I know well there are some people who need no such restriction to keep them within proper bounds; but then there are many who have no chance of keeping right unless they taste not, handle not. For them it is the only safety.' [Two guests entirely agree with Dr Bowtell, that it was highly desirable that the Tee-Total Society should receive all possible encouragement.]

'Hopgood, I was sorry to hear of how poor Cole is going. Quite losing regard for appearances, I am told—has for a long time been indulging in the forenoon—and lately got so far beyond the right point at Brewster's, that Brewster determined never to invite him to dinner again. Railway speculations, I fear, have had a good deal to do with it. It is a sad thing for his wife and family.'

'Truly so. I understand that delirium tremens is likely soon to take him off.'

'Quartley, will you help yourself, and push the decanters along? We shall get coffee by and by; but, meanwhile, shall I pull my second last bottle of Thirty-four Claret for you? Or will you take a white wash of the Ambassador—or what shall it be?'

'Well, I think we must all come to this, that a strong

effort for the reformation of the lower orders is absolutely necessary in this country. We have an eating cancer within, turning a great part of the body politic to corruption. We must get quit of it. If we don't, but on the contrary go on as we have been doing for some years past, the British name will cease to deserve that respect which it has hitherto enjoyed; and when we have lost respect, where shall we be?

A final round of the Ambassador having been despatched, we moved up stairs to the drawing-room, and had coffee, followed as usual by a cordial. One or two of the gentlemen seemed anxious to enter into conversation with the ladies; but the ladies being, as is customary, placed in such a way on sofas that there was no room for a gentleman amongst them, these would-be gallant individuals were obliged to fall back upon their gentlemen friends, who had gravitated into a cluster near the door. Some of them looked rather queer to unprejudiced eyes, and, between the public and me, no wonder, for I found that there had been fifteen bottles of one thing and another consumed that evening. Now, make a discount for the ladies —

Bowtell has since been announced as to preside at the next lemonade and raisin festival of the Dryborough Total Abstinence Society.

#### GORE HOUSE AND MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.

THE position of the government is at the present time somewhat remarkable, in respect to attempts at fostering art, science, and manufactures. There has been a long and toughly-contested controversy on the question, whether the executive, in such a country as England, ought or ought not to interfere in such matters. The lovers of a paternal government say, that the executive has power to work much good in such ways, by a judicious appropriation of public money; while the advocates of the *laissez-faire* doctrine urge, that private enterprise furnishes a much safer machinery for producing the desired results. As in many other controversies, both parties have some portion of right on their side; and there is an increasing tendency of public opinion towards this decision, that the government may very usefully give an impetus, a start, a good beginning, to projects which either individual or municipal efforts may afterwards carry on. This has been the case in respect to art-education, which has received such marked attention since the holding of the Great Exhibition in 1851. There are many brief references in past volumes of the Journal to Schools of Design and other collateral matters; but we are desirous of giving such an outline of facts and plans as will explain the present arrangements at Marlborough House, Gore House, and other places in the metropolis, among which the governmental proceedings are so singularly scattered.

Seventeen years ago, the first measure was taken towards this end. A School of Design was established at Somerset House in 1836, in connection with the Board of Trade, but under the control of a council, directors, and masters. The legislature devoted £1500 to set the school afloat. At first it was little more than a drawing-school, but it gradually comprised the study of design in connection with mechanical art. In 1841, the Treasury placed £10,000 at the disposal of the council, for the establishment of branch-schools in the more important towns—one-half for the purchase or production of moulds, casts, and apparatus, and one-half to assist in paying for rooms and teachers. Each town was to commence the undertaking and provide a certain portion of the necessary funds before the council would advance the rest. The first towns which shared in this grant were Manchester, York, Coventry,

Sheffield, Nottingham, Newcastle, Norwich, Birmingham, and Spitalfields; to which list others were afterwards added. In 1842, the sphere of operation was enlarged by the opening of a Female School of Design at Somerset House—a measure of much interest and importance in a country where females have so few recognised means of honourable employment. There was soon found to be a want of qualified teachers; but, urged by prizes and rewards, some of the pupils at Somerset House became by degrees qualified to act as masters in the branch-schools. Certain difficulties having occurred in the management, the council was dissolved in 1848; the Board of Trade resumed the direct control, and appointed a committee, comprising three official members of the Board, with three eminent artists in painting, sculpture, and architecture.

The great event of 1851 caused increased attention to be bestowed upon these schools. It was found that English manufacturers are scarcely equal to some of their neighbours as designers; and a desire arose to make the Schools of Design more directly contributory towards improvement in this respect. For this purpose, a new department was added to the Board of Trade early in 1852, under the designation of the Department of Practical Art. The Schools of Design had their name changed to Schools of Art; they were placed under the charge of the new department, which forthwith proceeded to organise other arrangements in furtherance of the general object.

The beginning of the present year (1853) witnessed another extension of the plan. Among the institutions in the United Kingdom which foster science, or art, or manufactures, and which receive government aid, are the Museums of Economic Geology at London and Dublin, the School of Mines, the Museum of Irish Industry, and the Dublin Irish Society. The Board of Trade memorialised the Treasury in March or April, recommending that government aid should be afforded to schools and museums of practical science, in the same way as to the arts of design; that the items for the whole of these should be included in one estimate annually; and that one department of the Board of Trade should direct and control the whole. The Treasury acceded to the recommendation, and the Department of Art has now become the Department of Science and Art. The arrangements are not yet completed, probably, for bringing all the various bodies and institutions into connection with this department, but the plans are being developed with much activity. The chief labours of the department rest upon the joint secretaries, Mr Henry Cole and Dr Lyon Playfair, who took such an active part in the Great Exhibition.

Thus much for the persons concerned, and now for the buildings in which the objects are being carried on. So nearly was the government being severed, in past years, from science and art, that the Royal Society and the Royal Academy are almost the only bodies which had house-room given to them at the national expense. Both were cooped up in rooms allotted to them in Somerset House. The Royal Society still remains there; but the Royal Academy has been removed to Trafalgar Square. When the School of Design was established in 1836, apartments were set apart for it in Somerset House; but in proportion as the scope of the plans became enlarged, so was it found difficult to obtain room for them. Thus has arisen an incongruity of arrangements, at which many of our continental neighbours would smile; but we will willingly let them smile, and will smile with them, if good should ultimately result from what is now doing. The public is well-nigh puzzled to know what are the relations existing between the establishments at Somerset House, Gower Street, Smith Street, Jernyn Street, Marlborough House, and Gore House; but we think the following will render the matter intelligible.

At Somerset House are the male-classes of the

Metropolitan School of Art, under a head-master and five assistant-masters. Here is given instruction in geometrical drawing and perspective; elementary free-hand drawing; drawing from solid geometrical models; shading; figure-drawing; anatomical and drapery studies; modelling; painting in water-colour, oil, tempera, fresco, and encaustic, from nature and from specimens of ornamental art; and composition and designs for manufacturers. The students have admission to lectures on the history, principles, and practice of ornamental art; they have the privilege of copying at the Hampton Court Gallery, at Kew Gardens, at the Botanical Gardens, and at the Zoological Gardens; and they are encouraged by several scholarships, varying from L.10 to L.30 per annum. The rooms at Somerset House will accommodate about 400 students.

At Smith Street, Westminster, is an elementary class for drawing and modelling, in connection with the Westminster Mechanics' Institute, and simply aided by the Board of Trade. In Gower Street, a house has been taken for the Female School of Art, superintended by Mrs M'lan, a lady who has from the first devoted great energy and talent to this undertaking. The studies here are nearly the same as for the males at Somerset House. A regular system has been established at both in respect to mode of admission, fees, hours of attendance, and vacations. There is an annual exhibition of the works of the students in all the metropolitan schools, when medals are given to the most deserving exhibitors, on the award of three examiners—at present, Sir Charles Eastlake, Mr Maclise, and Mr Redgrave. The exhibition was formerly held at Somerset House, then at Marlborough House, and now at Gore House: so singularly has the department been driven about to find room for itself.

It may be well here to mention, that the provincial Schools of Design have, like the parent institution in the metropolis, adopted the name of Schools of Art. There are at the present time about twenty such schools—two in Scotland, four in Ireland, and the rest in England—which have received government aid; and there are about a dozen others, in smaller towns, which are self-supporting.

In Jernyn Street, Piccadilly, is a building which scarcely yet comes under the control of the Department of Science and Art, though it probably will when all the government arrangements are completed. This is the Museum of Geology, in which are held the meetings of the Government School of Mines and of Science applied to the Arts. It was established many years ago, in connection with the geological survey, and was held in Craig's Court; but a building of great beauty has been provided for it near St James's Church, Piccadilly; and the mineral and mining specimens which form the collection of the museum are highly interesting and valuable. In this building, lectures are given on chemistry as applied to the arts and agriculture; on natural history, in relation to geology and the arts; on mechanical science, in respect to mining; and on mining operations. The institution, as will at once be seen, has nothing to do with fine art or decorative art; it takes cognizance of the application of science to practical purposes.

Marlborough House is a sort of refuge for the destitute just at present: it affords houseroom for persons and productions not easily housed elsewhere. The mansion itself, near St James's Palace, is national property; it was inhabited by the late Queen Adelaide, and is intended as the future residence of the Prince of Wales. Until required for this latter purpose, it is appropriated to various public objects. Most of the rooms on the ground-floor are at the present time filled with pictures belonging to the National Gallery, but for which there is no room in Trafalgar Square. They comprise the beautiful collection of 155 pictures so munificently presented to the nation by Mr Vernon,

and fifty other pictures by English artists. We are so slow in building new museums and galleries, that these pictures will probably remain many years at Marlborough House, although it is not at all well fitted for their display.

But it is in the upper apartments that Marlborough House affords more immediate illustration of our present subject. The department of science and art has its offices here: and here also are a museum, a library, a collection of casts, lectures and classes connected with the object of the department. The library is the nucleus of something that may be very valuable by and by. It consists at present of about 2000 volumes, portfolios of prints, and drawings, relating to decorative art and ornamental manufactures. At present, an alphabetical catalogue is at hand, but there is also in preparation a classed catalogue for more systematic reference. The museum is open to students, manufacturers, and the public generally, under certain specified regulations; and it seems to be anticipated by the department, that when the classed catalogue is ready, it will enable manufacturers to refer readily to any works in the library pertaining to any particular species of ornamental manufactures. There seems scarcely a doubt that useful results will follow from such facilities. There is, too, a collection of ornamental casts, amounting to nearly 2000 in number, illustrating every species of ornament—Roman, arabesque, renaissance, Elizabethan, and so forth.

The classes at Marlborough House are numerous and important; most of them are attended both by males and females. One class is for designing for woven goods, lace, embroidery, and paper-hanging; pupils attend there to study and practise; and arrangements are made whereby manufacturers can obtain various facilities in respect to patterns and designs—the object is, to make manufacturers and designers better known to each other, to their mutual benefit. Another class is for studying the principles and practice of ornamental art as applied to furniture, metals, jewellery, and enamels; with the aid of demonstration of actual processes—such as *repoussé*, chasing, casting, &c. A third class is of a somewhat similar nature, but having relation to other manufacturing trades and productions, including pottery. A fourth class is for the study of painting on porcelain, including the copying of fine pictures and designs, and the kiln-firing. Another class is for the study of artistic anatomy, including drawing in chalk and charcoal, modelling in clay and wax, and painting in water-colour, tempera, oil, and fresco. Another relates to architectural details and practical construction, including drawing in practical geometry, ichnography, skiagraphy, and isometrical perspective. A seventh class relates to the practice of the various processes of casting and moulding; comprising, among other things, the making and management of wax-moulds, gelatine-moulds, waste-moulds, piece-moulds, and plaster-moulds. An eighth and a ninth class are especially interesting, as intended to facilitate the industrial education of females; one of these is for the study of wood-engraving, and making the drawings on the wood preparatory to the engraving; the other is for the study of chromo-lithography, or printing in colours from stone. Definite arrangements are made for the admission of pupils to all these classes, and for rendering aid to manufacturers in respect to the artistic treatment of their respective productions.

But the most interesting portion of Marlborough House at present, so far as the general public are concerned, is the Museum of Ornamental Art. In 1851, the Treasury placed at the disposal of the Board of Trade the sum of L.5000, to be expended in the purchase of such specimens from the Great Exhibition as might be useful for purposes of study. The Board deputed the office of selection to Mr Owen Jones, Mr



Redgrave, Mr Cole, and the late Mr Pugin. These gentlemen spent about L.900 for articles on the British side of the Exhibition, L.1500 for those in the very interesting East India collection, and the rest foreign. Since that time, other purchases have been made; the Queen, and many of her wealthy subjects, have given many specimens, and others have been lent. The whole are now collected in Marlborough House, and constitute an exhibition which designers and artistic manufacturers should not fail to visit, while the general public will there find ample for their gratification. The specimens occupy many rooms opening one into another. One group comprises furniture; another, glass; a third, pottery; a fourth, woven fabrics; a fifth, metal-work; a sixth, miscellaneous articles; while a seventh is intended to illustrate a very speculative and disputed subject—the differences between true and false principles of decoration. Many old familiar objects will be recognised by any one who was a sedulous visitor at the Great Exhibition; but there are also many from other quarters; and the collection is unquestionably one of great interest and artistic value.

Gore House is another of those mansions which, as we have already implied, have become national property, available for public purposes. It is situated on the southern side of the Knightsbridge Road, a little beyond the site of the late Crystal Palace. Until a recent period, it was the residence of the Countess of Blessington, and was the focus of a brilliant assemblage of literary and artistic talent, led by her ladyship and her son-in-law, Count d'Orsay. Shortly after the countess's death, and during the fervour of the Great Exhibition, the house and grounds were taken by the renowned M. Soyer; he established on a large and costly scale a Symposium, which is a sort of learned name for a dining-room, or tavern, or restaurant. Black-coated, thinly-shod, and white cravat'd waiters were as thickly strewed as bees, but not so busy, for they had not enough to do; the display of plate, and glass, and damask was very brilliant, and the general arrangements were large and complete; but the enterprise failed. Exhibition visitors patronised the refreshment-rooms within the Crystal Palace, but did not bestow their smiles and their shillings on the Symposium. From that time Gore House was closed, until the purchase recently made by the Exhibition Commissioners out of their surplus funds. This purchase comprises the whole of the Gore estate, house and grounds, together with a large additional area of ground. This has been, or is to be, presented to the nation by the crown; and it will be for the nation to decide, by and by, whether to build national galleries, or museums, or analogous structures, on the spot.

As a first means of making Gore House useful to the public, an exhibition of cabinet-work was opened there. It comprised buffets, tables, chairs, chests and coffer, cabinets, *secrétaires*, candelabra, stands for flowers, clock-stands, *étagères*, or small circular stands, chests of drawers, *encoignures*, or corner-cabinets, couches and cushions, fire-screens, music-stands, and other articles. It was a part of the plan not to admit any very modern or recent furniture: the articles here deposited ranged in date between the fifteenth and the eighteenth centuries. All the beauty and richness which could be met with in carving, leather-work, brass-mounting, marquetry, buhl-work, ormolu, pietra dura, chasing, japanning, *plaque-work*, &c., had a place. The exhibition has lately been closed.

Thus it will be seen that Marlborough House and Gore House have become places of much national interest—the head-quarters of that train of operations which connects the fine arts with the manufacturing arts. We may mention that the catalogues, issued by the Department of Science and Art, and sold at 6d. each, contain a large amount of valuable information on these

and cognate subjects; and that fair facilities are offered for public admission to the buildings. The grounds at Gore House are in themselves worthy of a visit from smoke-dried Londoners.

## ANNETTE.

CONCLUDED.

FIVE years have glided away. The great city of London is filled as it was never filled before. A season of peace and prosperity has arrived, and all the nations of the earth meet together in amity beneath the roof of that mighty temple which is the wonder of the age—that temple to which France sent her tapestries and her porcelain; Spain, her regalia; Portugal, her minerals; Prussia, her amber, her papers, and her stuffs; Italy, her marble and mosaics; Russia, her skins, her malachite, and her royal ornaments; Turkey, her silks and carpets; Arabia, her fragrant gums, her opium, her camphire; China, her porcelain, her carvings, and her deities; and Ceylon, her ivory and her aromatic spices. That temple wherein were assembled the wealth, the industry, the ingenuity of the whole world—to which Austria contributed her sculptures; Sweden, her furs, her copper, her sledges; America, her precious woods, her implements of agriculture, and her virgin gold; India, her imperial crowns, her royal robes, her emeralds, rubies, and diamonds, her kingly thrones and her golden tissues; that temple wherein arts and manufactures, beauty and utility, presided hand in hand, adorning and exalting each other. Not in goodwill alone was this season productive: it taught nations, hitherto unacquainted, to respect and admire each other; it gave a new impulse to art, and imparted fresh energy to commerce; it bestowed honours where they were merited, and universal fame upon many whose reputation had been limited to the narrow boundaries of their native cities. Amongst the latter, no name rose higher or more deservedly than that of the French sculptor, Hippolyte Didier.

During the five years that had elapsed since the flight of Annette Villiot, the artist had become a happy and a prosperous man. Louise had been his wife for more than four years; the minister for whom he had executed the costly monument, which has since been deemed the most beautiful in Père la Chaise, obtained for him some important government commissions; and the Revolution of 1848, which had destroyed so many fortunes, only served to improve his, for he was one of the most zealous in the cause of liberty, and under the Republican administration, he had been intrusted with the decoration of many public works, and had risen rapidly in wealth and station.

Hippolyte was now in London. He came over, bringing with him two of his best works for exhibition in the French department of the Crystal Palace, and found himself distinguished alike by the Royal Academy, the nobility, the great mass of the people, and the public press. Invitations poured in upon him; the most honourable and elaborate criticisms on his works appeared in the pages of the daily newspapers; engravings of them were suspended in the windows of the printsellers; and the highest lady in the land signified her intention of becoming the purchaser of his principal group. Louise had not accompanied her husband to England. Their youngest child, a delicate infant of four months old, demanded all her care, and she wisely deemed its tender frame unequal to the changes of climate and the inconveniences of travel. The last words of Louise to Hippolyte contained an earnest prayer that he would seek her erring sister; and he had not been three days in London before he took the first steps towards fulfilling her wishes. His most obvious course was to ascertain every particular relating to Sir Henry Sutton; and accordingly he instituted rigid inquiries about his family, his habits, his reputation,

and his connections. Strangely enough, the more he learned, the more he found himself baffled. Sir Henry had lately succeeded to the title and possessions of his uncle, the late Earl of Thornbury; he was unmarried, reserved and haughty in his habits, of stainless reputation, liberal opinions, and undoubted probity. He was averse to public life and political controversy, a patron of the arts, an accomplished gentleman and scholar, and a generous landlord. Nothing in his life that looked like intrigue or dissipation, not an action that would not seem proudly to court investigation.

The artist found himself completely at fault. Sometimes he doubted if it were the same person; but though he had never seen the lover of Annette, the description given of his person by the master of the Hôtel Folkestone coincided too perfectly with that which Hippolyte obtained from the earl's trades-people, to leave a doubt on that part of the question. The next thing he learned was, that the Earl of Thornbury was one of Her Majesty's commissioners at the very Exhibition wherein his works were now gaining him so much glory; the next, that his lordship resided at his town mansion scarcely one month in the year, but lived in perfect retirement at one of his estates, about sixty miles from London. At the time that he received this information, the earl was in town attending the meeting of commissioners.

Hippolyte knew not what course to pursue. At one time, he thought of waiting upon the nobleman in his own house, and demanding from him some account of the poor girl. Again, he fancied that perhaps time and patience would discover everything, whereas an ill-timed vehemence might only serve to defeat its object. While he was thus harassed by opposite opinions, chance accomplished for him what neither inquiries nor accusations could have obtained. He received a letter from the Earl of Thornbury, requesting the favour of a call from Monsieur Didier on an affair of business. Anxious, nervous, yet prepared, if necessary, to confront this man with the disclosure of his guilt, the sculptor went instantly to Belgrave Square, and was introduced into the presence of a pale and serious gentleman, dressed in the deepest mourning, and possessing features remarkable not only for their regularity, but for a certain melancholy and benevolent expression, which at once disarmed Hippolyte of his indignation. The earl motioned him to a chair, and opened the conversation. He wished Monsieur Didier to execute the model of a bust for him—would he have any objection to go for a few weeks into Suffolk for that purpose? Hippolyte was perfectly disengaged in England, and could readily do so.

'It is the—the bust of a very dear friend,' said his lordship hesitatingly, 'a friend whose portrait I have long desired. I must confide in your honour, Monsieur Didier; it was impossible for me to have this wish executed by any artist resident in this country, because secrecy was imperative, and I avoided every probability of making my family affairs the subject of comment. This lady is a—near relative (his lordship blushed and faltered, like a man who is telling an untruth against his inclination), whose residence in England is unknown, and must be kept strictly private. I owed this explanation to you, monsieur, and I am sure I need not exact from you a promise of silence.'

The earl, looking uneasy and confused, bows to Hippolyte, and trifles nervously with a pen. The artist, who sees at a glance the object of his search fulfilled, overwhelmed, confounded, scarce believing what he hears, mutters some half-audible assurances, and professes himself willing to accompany his lordship that very day. The matter is soon arranged. Hippolyte is to return the next day at two o'clock, and proceed with his lordship to Suffolk by the Eastern Counties Railway. The morrow came, and by three o'clock they were on their road. They had a carriage to themselves the

whole way, yet not a dozen words were exchanged by the nobleman and the sculptor. Both were occupied with their thoughts, and neither observed the scenery nor the time. Hippolyte felt an internal conviction, amounting almost to certainty, that this friend was no other than Annette, and that conjecture sufficed to occupy all his attention. Station after station flew past them—towns, villages, and green agricultural districts, and the train stopped only now and then in its long journey. At last the earl looked up, and observed the country attentively.

'We alight here, Monsieur Didier,' said he, as the train stopped at a large and handsome station. A private carriage was in waiting; they stepped in, and a heavy basket was lifted on the box by a servant in rich livery. 'That is your property, monsieur,' says his lordship with a faint smile. 'I gave directions that everything necessary for your work should be conveyed by my valet. You will find there the best clay that could be procured, and I trust that you may be enabled to commence to-morrow morning.'

To-morrow morning! Hippolyte's heart begins to beat in spite of him. The carriage rolls rapidly on through a white straggling village—along a dusty road bordered by hedgerows and fields—beside a line of palings and a thick plantation—past a neat lodge overgrown with honeysuckle, and up a shady green avenue of arching trees, with a pretty country-house at the end. They alight, and are met by several servants.

'Where is Madame St Victor?' inquires his lordship.

'In the drawing-room, my lord.'

'Conduct this gentleman to his rooms, and let dinner be served to him at whatever hour he may desire. Good-day, Monsieur Didier; to-morrow morning I will present you to your sister.'

And so they separate till the morrow. Hippolyte has no appetite for the repast, which is served to him on silver plate. He cannot read the costly books which lie scattered about his sitting-room; he cannot rest at night beneath the silken hangings: Annette is before his eyes as he last saw her, and he now almost shrinks from the morrow. But it came at last, after a long sleepless night; it came bright and golden, gladdening the small flowers of the field, and waking up the birds to song and sunshine. The sculptor rose, nervous and unrefreshed, and, scarcely tasting the breakfast which was placed before him, was ushered down to a well-lighted apartment on the ground-floor, looking over a beautiful garden. Here he found everything prepared for him, and a chair placed ready for the lady. After a few anxious moments of delay, a door at the further end of the apartment was opened, and the earl came in with a particularly graceful and haughty-looking woman leaning upon his arm.

'Monsieur Didier, ma chère—the gentleman who is to favour us by taking your bust.'

Madame St Victor, just raising her dark eyes for an instant, inclines her charming head with a scarcely perceptible bow, and seats herself carelessly in the chair, asking, in a slightly foreign accent, if that position will do. The earl thinks nothing can be better, the artist bows and busies himself over the clay, and the lady inquires if she may not have a book during the sitting. The earl goes himself to bring the volume, and having placed it in her hands, observes that he can be of no further service, and promising to return in the course of a couple of hours, leaves the room. Madame St Victor, with her head slightly averted, and presenting a three-quarters' face to Hippolyte, takes no notice of him, and continues reading attentively. She looks most lovely as she is thus seated. The light from the window behind falls strongly on the glossy bands of her black hair, and casts a reflected light on her pale brow and delicate features. The downcast eyes with their long lashes, the sharply-cut mouth and chin, and the firmly-compressed lips, expressive of so much pride and

resolution, are curiously at variance with the languid indifference of her attitude. Her head rests upon one small white hand; the other, glittering with diamonds, supports the book; a white muslin robe, fastened at the throat with a small gold ornament, and confined at the waist with a silken cord, falls in loose folds round her exquisite figure, and contrasts with the carved oak and crimson damask of the chair.

Every feature, taken separately, is Annette's; but the expression of the whole is utterly unlike her. Madame St Victor is dignified, haughty, pale, and indifferent; Annette was lively, cordial, rosy, and enthusiastic. In the lady, everything is refined, subdued, and polished. The curve of her neck, the turn of her head, the almost contemptuous expression of the beautiful lip, speak of aristocratic habits and education. Hippolyte went on mechanically, shaping the rough clay into the first rude resemblance of the head, and feeling like one dreaming. Every moment the conviction that it was she grew stronger upon him, and yet he could not believe that five years should so have changed the character of her beauty. Annette was sixteen when she fled; Madame St Victor looked about twenty one or two—just the age that she would have attained. The artist resolved to try her.

'Pardon, madame, but is it his lordship's desire to have this bust executed in marble?'

He addressed her purposely in French, and watched her closely. At the first sound of that full sonorous voice—for he had not spoken before—a slight shudder seemed to pass over her; but she replied in the same languid tone, that she believed it was.

'I regret, madame, that it will not be in my power to superintend the carving in this country, for I must return to Paris at the close of the Industrial Exhibition; but if his lordship will permit me to have it carved there by my own workmen, I can insure its being well done, and can send it over here when completed.'

Madame, not taking even the trouble to look at him, replies that he had better mention it to the earl; she can give no decision on the subject.

The sculptor, paying no attention to this reply, goes on:—'Attached to my studio at Paris, madame, is an extensive workshop, wherein I have established a number of our best marble-carvers, and thus have my groups completed under my own surveillance. A respectable and excellent old man, my father-in-law, imports for me the best Italian marble. His name is Villiot—Jean Villiot.'

She cannot repress a slight start, and her lips turn white. Looking intently at her, Hippolyte sees a vein upon her temple throbbing wildly under the transparent skin.

'Pardon; these details can possess no interest for madame.'

She moves her lips, as if to reply to him, but they utter no sound.

He strides across the room, and stands suddenly before her. 'Annette!'

Still silent—still motionless—still with those downcast eyes bent darkly on the floor.

'Annette, look up, shameless and remorseless as thou art! Look up, and answer to that name, if there be any truth, any womanly feeling, any daughterly and sisterly love yet lingering in thy heart! Look up, if the love of virtue and the shame of crime be not yet utterly banished from thy soul! Look up, if a sister's grief and a father's broken heart can still touch thy cheek with tears! Look up, if thou canst, and tell me that thou art not wholly fallen!'

The lady rises haughtily, and confronts him with quivering lips and flashing eyes. 'Monsieur, what insolence is this? I do not comprehend you!'

She tries to pass him, but he restrains her with a strong grasp, and compels her to her seat. For an instant, she resists, and strives a second time to rise;

then all the pride, the acted surprise, the self-command, gives way, and, sinking back in an agony of despair, she covers her face with both hands, and sobs aloud.

Still the sculptor stands before her, but his voice is gentler now, and his eyes fill with tears. He speaks to her rapidly and passionately. He recalls her childhood to her memory—he reminds her of her mother, and of her gentle care—he bids her remember the death of that mother—the desolation and sorrow of her father; he tells her how that father loved and treasured her, his youngest child; he reproaches her with her guilty flight—he paints the scene in the cottage on that dreadful night—her father weeping on the ground, her sister trying vainly to console him; he sketches rapidly the happy and honoured life of Louise as wife and mother, and contrasts with it the unjoyous luxury and infamy of her own lot; and lastly, describes how Jean Villiot, now prematurely feeble and white-headed, still lives alone in the dreary cottage, pursuing his old trade from day to day, brooding over the disgrace of his favourite daughter, and refusing to be comforted. For a long time after he has ceased speaking, Annette still sobs in silence. A footstep is heard in the gallery; it is the earl! She raises her head suddenly, and grasps the artist's hand.

'Hippolyte,' she says earnestly, 'pity me, and be silent. I am not yet all unworthy of your respect, or—or their affection. Farewell! before we meet again, I shall have proved it to you.' She opens a side-door, and is scarcely gone when the Earl of Thornbury walks in at another. He looks surprised to find her absent, and inquires why she is not there. Hippolyte believes that she has retired to her own apartment. The earl rings the bell, and tells the servant to present his compliments to Madame St Victor, and say that the carriage is in waiting for her morning-drive.

The servant returns shortly to say, that madame feels suddenly indisposed, and trusts his lordship will excuse her accompanying him this morning. She has retired to bed, and hopes that quiet and sleep may entirely restore her.

It was a burning, fiery afternoon. The long, dusty train went flying through the parched and glaring country, and scarcely a breath of air, despite the rapidity of the motion, was felt in the hot carriages. Yet there was one passenger—a beautiful woman, richly dressed, in a first-class seat, who crouched back as if to shun even the feeble breeze that fluttered the silk blind at her side. It was an express-train bound for London, and stopping at only a few stations by the way. On it flew, leaving a line of white smoke suspended along its course like a rack of stray cloud; and the labourers in the fields, who rested from their toil to look after it, saw with wonder that, long before that vapour broke, dispersed, and melted away, the train was past, and the very sound of its progress lost in distance. On it flew through a flat line of country abounding in trees and farmhouses—past railway-bridges and blinding chalk-cuttings—into the midst of straggling villages—past manufactories and tall black chimneys—through desolate withered fields half-built upon—above the roofs of squalid houses and narrow streets—past long buildings lighted by lines of dirty, patched, and broken windows, with sickly faces peeping through, and glimpses of machinery within—into a dark, lofty covered place, with a rafted roof and slender iron pillars—the Shoreditch Station of the Eastern Counties Railway.

The passengers alighted, and went their several ways; but the lady in the first-class carriage remained quite still in the same posture, not seeming to be aware of the stoppage of the train. At last a porter came up to the door, and touched his cap respectfully—'Is your carriage waiting for you, ma'am?'

She started, and looked out hurriedly.



'No. Is this London?'

'Yes, ma'am. Shall I get a cab for you?'

She made a hasty gesture of assent, and followed him quickly to the vehicle.

'Where to, ma'am?'

'To the railway for France.'

'All right, cabman—London and South-eastern terminus.'

The porter touched his cap again, as the lady placed a shilling in his hand, and the cab drove on.

It was now four o'clock; and when they reached London Bridge, all thronged with omnibuses and passengers, it wanted just ten minutes to the hour appointed for the starting of the train. That past, she was once more flying on, with her face turned towards the shores of her native country. Poor Annette! She was under the influence of a terrible fever. Resolute, impassioned, and self-despising, the secret misery of years had been hurried by the reproaches of Hippolyte into wild despair. She vowed to herself, in that brief interview, to fly from the life of degradation in which she had dwelt for five years—she vowed to sacrifice her love, and, with love, life itself—to tear herself from England—to kiss the hand of Louise—to obtain the forgiveness of her father, and to die at his feet. Love, the deepest, the most devoted—love, that had from year to year twined itself more firmly round her heart—love was trampled upon and thrust aside, while conscience, an avenging angel, still hurried her on, and, with unquitting finger, pointed forward.

And forward still she went, never heeding the sweet English country through which they passed. Forward, past old farmhouses with quaint gables and twisted chimneys, mossed barns and fruitful orchards—past slopes and valleys richly cultivated—green meadows, winding rivers, bordered with silvery pollards—quiet nooks set round with flowering hedges, and enclosing tiny ponds, with ducks sailing calmly on the surface, and dreamy cattle lying all around—past lines of old wall, and pleasant cottages, with the sunset burning brightly in the diamond-panes of their little casements—past old churches, gradually mouldering away like the dead in their withered graves, that slumber beneath the shade of its old tower—past little villages, and bowling-greens, and rosy children swinging on the gates—past straggling towns, and water-mills, and green fields white with sheep. Then came glimpses of the far-off sea—irregular hills, and now and then a cliff-built martello-tower. Then a thickly-clustered town—a full view of the calm blue ocean, with here and there a glittering white sail—a labouring steamship in the harbour below, and a cry of Folkestone!

Yet a few minutes more, and she is on the sea. If she heeded not the scenery before, even less does she heed it now. She sits, still crouching, with her hands tightly clasped together and her face bent down. The sea-breeze blows freshly over her, and damps the hair that falls carelessly over her brow. It is cool, but she feels it not. Her cheek burns and her hands are parched and dry; but she is thinking of the past and the future—the present is a blank.

They arrive at Boulogne. It is dark, quite dark, by this time, and there is no train for an hour and a half. After passing through the custom-house, she stands listlessly on the pier; and, looking over into the water, reflecting the lines of gaslights, and splashing sullenly up against the solid masonry, she is conscious of an eager impulse to cast herself in, and be for ever at peace. She is shocked at the thought, and walks on further, but presently finds herself again looking over, and again occupied with the same subject. She cannot banish it utterly from her mind, for it keeps coming back and back again, like the suggestions of an evil spirit.

She stays here so long, that she hears the town-clocks chime repeatedly. Now they are striking the

hour. She counts the strokes, almost unconsciously, and finds they are eleven. She remembers then that the train starts at half-past; and going back past the custom-house, takes the first cab that stands beside the pavement, and so drives on to the station.

Now she is in a railway-carriage, just lighted from the roof by a feeble lamp, and once more flying onwards. No other passenger occupies the carriage, but she is not conscious even of her solitude, and sits bent and down-looking as before. Sometimes the train stopped for a few instants at a station bright with gas; sometimes the door was opened, and a guard looked in, but she never knew it. There was no moon, and all beyond the windows was solid darkness. She seemed to hear voices in the loud movement of the train, and could distinguish amongst them the deep, reproachful, bitter words of Hippolyte—the sobs of her father—the despairing cries of her English lover. At last she fell into a broken sleep, only to dream the same, and woke with her hands and feet stone cold and her head burning. A bright light from a lantern shone in upon her, and a voice demanded her ticket. 'Thanks, madame. You are at Amiens. Twenty minutes for refreshment.' She is cold, faint, and shivering, but she feels incapable of moving, and has a difficulty in comprehending how she arrived there. An old woman at the door offers her some cakes for sale. She hastily buys two, and begins to eat; but after the first morsel, throws them down, and feels a mortal sickness like the hand of death. Now she is burning hot again, and parched with thirst. The train goes on, and day begins to dawn.

Then trees and houses, looking thin and ghostly, seemed gliding past the windows, and growing every moment more distinct; then fields—with a thick white mist hanging over them in parts—plantations, farm-houses, towns, and villages. Now came a broad bright river, reflecting the gray sky amid the green rushes; next a thick wood, with a little white chapel in the midst, peeping above the trees; then limekilns, steep cuttings, and hedges thickly set with trees, revealing glimpses of the prospect beyond; now a town with a cathedral—a line of gray wall with a tower at one corner—barren downs and fields, and a village with a tiny church and a grave-yard full of crosses; now a river with barges and willows, more plantations, a cluster of white cottages, and a ruined fort among the trees; then a hill, a wood, and an old red brick chateau on the height; long barren fields, and pasture-lands with stunted pollards in long lines crossing them at intervals; dreary flats, and the huts of charcoal-burners; now a continuous sprinkling of white buildings, and a view of Paris, distant, indistinct, and many-steeped.

The train stopped at last: Annette was in Paris. She had left her native city by stealth; she returned to it a fugitive. She had left it in the bloom and beauty of her youth, in the first flower of her love; she came back with that love more firmly rooted in her life, and with all its joy turned to bitterness. She left it beautiful, and almost a child; she re-entered it a woman, with pale cheeks, with lips parched and bleeding, with eyes dry and bloodshot, with disordered hair, and failing strength. Fire, not blood, seemed rushing through her veins, and she could scarcely stand; yet she wandered on through the streets in the sunny morning. The people were all stirring, and the market-carts driving rapidly along. She found herself suddenly in the Boulevards. It was like some strange and fitful dream: yesterday, in England—to-day, in Paris, amid old familiar sights and sounds—amid the trees, the shops, the theatres, the cafes of the great thoroughfares. Carriages and omnibuses were already driving in the road, shops were opened, workmen were sitting on the stone-benches. A detachment of soldiers passed rapidly along, with a band playing merrily before them; a lemonade vendor, with his gay reservoir



at his back, stepped aside to let her pass, and she remembered the man's face distinctly. Then she came in front of a lofty building, looking like a Greek temple of pure marble; she ascended the steps slowly and dreamily, and then found herself kneeling in the Madeleine.

The trance which had bound her seemed now suddenly dissolved, and tears, blessed tears, came blinding her, and loosening the agony at her heart. She prayed—a broken incoherent appeal—for mercy and forgiveness; and the white angels kneeling on the altar seemed to her excited imagination to cast pitying glances upon her sorrow.

How long she remained thus she knew not, but when at last she rose and went out once more into the streets, her reason was unclouded, and the painful stupor that had so long possessed her passed away. She felt very ill; her limbs trembled convulsively; the faces of the passers-by looked indistinct and threatening to her; and a mist came sometimes over her sight, compelling her to pause and lean against the walls of the houses till it cleared away again. Painfully she went forward, taking her course along the Rue St Honoré, now thronged with passengers and vehicles. It was long past noon when she reached the Place de Bastille, and tottering to a stone-bench, sat down to rest. An old man, ragged, dirty, and unshaven, was seated at one end, with a basket at his back, and an iron crook in his hand. He raised his head and looked keenly at her rich dress and haggard countenance—then he rose, walked past her, and peered into her face; but she was almost fainting with exhaustion, and she never perceived him.

While resting here, she felt her head growing heavy, and her sense of sight and sound becoming obscure—the stupor was gaining once more upon her, and she strove to combat it by rising, and moving on towards the Rue de Roquette; but every moment her step grew slower, and she slunk along, clinging every now and then to the walls and doorways for support. Little children playing in the street looked up into her face with wonder, for she was weeping and moaning softly to herself—workmen lounging at the doors of caharets took their cigars from their lips, and, gazing after her, whispered to each other—women, trudging along with babies in their arms, stared at her costly dress, all travel-stained and crushed, and shook their heads significantly. And all this time an old, bent, ragged man, crept cautiously along, a few feet behind her, watching her every movement with his keen bright eyes, and never losing sight of her for a moment.

She passed the stone-masons' yards, the iron-foundries, the prisons, and the open space in front of them. She came in sight of her father's cottage, and she stood quite still. 'Father—home!' the old man heard her murmur to herself, and she made a movement as if to kneel down in the open street. He thought she was about to fall, and made a step forward, but she checked herself, and leaned against the lamp-post for a few minutes. Presently she went on again, and seemed muttering as in prayer. The laburnum-tree in her father's garden had grown and flourished, and cast a goodly shade. She crept close to the palings, and standing where its spreading branches hid her person from those within, leaned earnestly forward. There was a group of people in the little garden, and on these her whole attention was rivetted.

Facing her sat an old and feeble man, with a deeply-furrowed countenance and thin white hair. A thick cloak was wrapped round his lower limbs; his hands trembled as if palsied; and though it was summer-time, and the day very warm, he seemed cold and shivering. Opposite to him, with her back to Annette, a lady was seated, bending forward, and talking in an under-tone; while at the back, some distance away, a handsome boy of perhaps three years of age was

playing with a large Newfoundland dog, beside a female servant with an infant in her arms. The lady spoke softly—so softly that at first Annette could not distinguish what she said. Presently she got more earnest, and raised her tone. 'It has been all in vain,' were the first words she caught distinctly. 'He has inquired in every direction, but can learn nothing of her. The Englishman has'—And here she became inaudible.

'The wicked often carry a fair face and a good name,' said the old man, as if in reply to what she had last said.

'But where can he have concealed her?' pursued the lady sorrowfully. 'Can it be possible that he has cast her off? Oh, suppose she were dead!'

'Would that she were dead!' said the other almost fiercely. 'Better, far better, that she were lying beside her mother under God's blue sky, than living infamously.'

A thrill passed over the listener, and she clasped her hands rigidly together. 'Hush, father!' said the lady earnestly: 'she is still your child.'

'In God's name, no!' exclaimed the stone-mason. 'Was she my child when she fled from me, and stained my name with disgrace? Was she my child when she poisoned the peace of my old age, and made my few short years a burden? Except for you, dear—except for you'—And he changed his voice to a low tremulous accent: 'You are my comfort and pride—you are always kind and loving to me.'

'But she is unhappy, too. She cannot enjoy a moment's peace. Pity her at least.'

'She unhappy! No, she is hardened—glorying perhaps in her shame, and laughing at the old man who loved her so dearly! Pity her, Louise? Yes, as she has pitied me!'

The fugitive raised her head, and withdrawing her hands from the paling, stood upright and unsupported, as if she felt fatigue no longer. Her lips were white, and her eyes dry and glazed; still she listened. The lady rose.

'Alas, mon père!' she sighed, 'will you never relent? Come hither, Hippolyte, and bid good-by to grand-papa: we must go home now, darling.'

The child ran quickly, and nestled his rosy cheek in his grandfather's white hairs. The old man took him on his knee, and kissed him tenderly. 'Adieu, my little one!' he said with a quivering voice. 'Adieu! Love thy parents all thy days. Love them, and never leave them.'

'There is still another visitor to kiss,' said Louise, smiling as she took the baby from the nurse's arms and laid it in his lap. In doing so, she turned her face quite round, and Annette saw her sister in her calm matronly beauty, looking almost as young as when she had last beheld her. The sunlight, checkered with shadows of the leaves, fell quivering upon the group, lighting up the white head of the old patriarch, the fair face of Louise, and the sweet dimpled countenances of the children; and then the heart of Annette smote her with a deadly annihilation of all hope, and turning suddenly from the house, as if inspired with a strange renewal of physical strength, she walked with a swift, firm step back again, down the Rue de Roquette. Onward she went, turning neither to the right nor left, looking straight before her with fixed eyes, and followed still by the dark crouching figure of the old man, who could now scarcely keep pace with her. Onward, to the end of the long narrow street; out into the Place de Bastille; down the broad stone-steps, all damp and slippery, leading to where the dark canal glides, swift and deep, beneath the humid arches, under the broad square and lofty column overhead. Onward, with quick foot and ghastly countenance; onward to a gloomy spot, where none were near to see, and the daylight gleamed far off upon a heavy barge just toiling

through the floodgates of a lock. Down with her mantle and bonnet on the damp pathway! Down with remorse and fear! She clasps her hands above her head—one hasty prayer to God for mercy and pardon—one quick bold leap—A strong arm grasps her round the waist, and drags her back: ‘*The Lord giveth—thou dar’st not take away!*’ She stares wildly into the well-remembered face of the old chiffonier, utters one long piercing cry, and falls senseless to the ground.

The curtains were withdrawn, and the windows thrown open to admit the soft evening air, and the sweet perfume of the roses that clustered thickly round the outside of the house. There were flowers on the table in a white and purple vase; but they were drooping for want of water and attention, and the books upon the rosewood shelves were thick with dust, as if they, too, had lately been neglected.

It did not look like a sick-room, with the red sunset glowing in through the open casements; but that it was one was evident, from the phials all crowded on the mantle-shelf, and, above all, by the pale face and wasted hands of her who occupied the bed.

Few who had known her in England, and fewer still who remembered her in her old French home, would have recognised in those languid suffering features the exquisite beauty of Annette Villiot. Yet it was she. She was lying propped with pillows. Her long black hair, still neat and glossy, was secured in massive rolls at the back of her head; her lips and cheeks were chalky white; her brilliant eyes were turned towards Louise, who sat beside the bed; and one frail hand was clasped in that of her sister. At the other side, an old man stood, with tearful eyes, gazing down earnestly upon her face.

‘Indeed, indeed, Louise,’ the invalid was saying, ‘I do feel easier now, and I think that I shall sleep. You have had no rest, dearest, for three long weary nights; pray go now and lie down for a few hours, and if I should feel worse again, indeed I will send Jeannot for you. Pray, pray go.’

‘Not yet, my darling,’ replied her sister cheerfully: ‘let me see you sleeping before I leave you. There now, close your eyes, and by and by, perhaps, I will go away.’ Obediently, like a child, the patient closes her eyes, and turning her cheek to the pillow, composes herself for a little slumber.

Long and anxiously the father and sister stay there watching that calm sleep, and hoping good from its continuance. The sun keeps sinking lower, till his broad disk seems almost resting upon the dark tops of a distant belt of trees upon the hill. Still she sleeps. The shadows gather thicker in the corners of the room; the sun quite disappears; the pleasant dusk spreads gently over the garden and the neighbouring fields; a star or two comes out brightly in the sky, and a pale light stealing into the chamber fills it like the early dawn, and falls straight upon the face of Annette. Still she sleeps.

All at once she moved her arm, and moaned. Louise bent over her. ‘Louise, Louise! are you there, sister dear?’

‘Here, darling, close beside you. See how long you have slept; it is broad moonlight.’

‘How cold it is, Louise—how bright and cold! Why, it is like winter all at once; close the windows, please, for I am very cold.’ Louise did so, and her father took her hand lovingly between both his. It was chill, like ice. The invalid closed her eyes, and her breathing was slow and laboured. ‘Father, kiss me, please; I am so weary and cold I cannot keep awake. Kiss me, Louise; I shall sleep a long time now.’

A long time indeed!

‘Ah! Louise, she is going!’ cried the old man in a piercing voice, as her hand fell heavily from his grasp.

Louise, pale and self-possessed, made a stern impressive gesture with her hand: ‘Silence, mon père; let us not disturb her; she is departing peacefully.’ And thus they sat, speechless and motionless. Annette, moaning softly now and then, lay with closed eyes and parted lips; the stone-mason buried his head in the folds of the coverlid; Louise wept silently, and still retained the death-cold hand in hers.

There was a sound of wheels and trampling horses, a hasty confusion of voices, and the tread of quick feet on the stairs. Louise rose hastily, disengaged her hand, flew to the door, and, closing it after her, found her husband just about to enter.

‘Hush!’ she said; ‘not a sound—not a word!’

‘Let me pass, dearest; let me see her! If she is asleep, I must wake her, for I bring her news from England—glorious, happy news to make her well again!’

‘Alas, Hippolyte, keep back. She is dying!’

There has been a gentleman standing behind the sculptor, but Louise has not perceived him in the darkness. At these last words, he utters an agonised cry, and thrusts the sculptor on one side.

‘I must see her—I must speak to her! Let me in!’ There is an expression in his face that prompts Louise to stand aside: he throws open the door, and rushes to the bed. ‘Annette! Annette! dear life, dear love, look up! It is I; it is Henry—come to make you my loved and honoured wife! It is Henry, who cannot live without you!’ He grasps her hand, and covers it with kisses. ‘Look up and speak to me! Live, dearest—live for me!’

The faintest ripple of a smile just passes over her lips, and then the face is fixed and stony. The old man raises his head slowly from the bed-clothes, and bends over her; then turning to the Englishman, and pointing solemnly to the white face, he says these words: ‘Your repentance comes too late. She is dead!’

#### SPOTS ON THE SUN.

ADDISON, perhaps, of all men, had the truest appreciation of the unrivalled grandeur and majesty of Milton; yet he thought it proper to prelude his comments on the *Paradise Lost* with some remarks on what he chose to call ‘little slips in the grammar or syntax,’ but which ordinary readers are constrained to style positive self-contradictions, such as the passage wherein the great bard thus speaks of Satan:—

God and his Son except,

Created thing nought valued he nor shunned—

thereby classing the Deity among created things; and that where he describes Adam and Eve as—

Adam the goodliest man of men since born,  
His sons, the fairest of her daughters, Eve—

thus making our common mother one of her own daughters, and Adam the goodliest of his own sons.

A ‘slip’ still more extraordinary occurs in one of the most celebrated poems of an author almost unrivalled for his exquisite polish and finish: we allude to the following passage from Gray’s *Bard*, describing the court of Elizabeth, where—

Gorgeous dames and statesmen old

In bearded majesty appear.

The Lady Janes and Lady Marys of that brilliant period would hardly thank the poet for their share of this compliment; and yet a comma after ‘dames’ and ‘majesty,’ might perhaps rescue them from the barbarous adjunct and adjective.

There are spots on the sun, and these, so far from derogating from his brightness and beneficence, seem providentially intended to afford us an insight into his condition and motion. Milton and Gray being each pre-eminent in his own lofty walk, it is a sort of comfort to think that by these little trifling weaknesses they

link themselves affectionately to our common nature. We are confident, therefore, that we shall not be supposed to derogate from his real excellence, if we proceed to point out a few manifest self-contradictions in the renowned author of *Waverley*.

We hope it is no treason to confess that we prefer the *Waverley* novels to Shakspeare's plays: without insinuating a dangerous comparison, we find them more delightful reading; we read them over and over again, sometimes recommencing the same novel after getting to the end of the volume; and it is this that has naturally forced upon our observation some glaring impossibilities, to which it is surprising Scott makes no allusion even in his voluminous and elaborate notes.

The reader must not expect that we are going to venture upon a criticism of these world-famed productions—that theme has long been exhausted; we mean merely to point out a few instances where the word 'impossible' suggests itself; and after indicating these spots on the sun, we shall leave him to—

Trick his beams, and with new-spangled ore,  
Flame in the forehead of the morning sky.

Let us commence with the novel of *Rob Roy*: by its own merits, and by the wonderful success on the stage of the opera derived from it, perhaps the one most in men's mouths and thoughts. The necessities of the stage permit or force us to disregard the unities of time as well as place; but this excuse will not avail in an elaborate tale, especially where the hero, as in the present instance, narrates continuously his own adventures.

Francis Osbaldistone arrives at the Hall, and to avoid the excessive hospitality of his uncle, escapes into the garden, where he meets Andrew Fairservice. "I asked him if he had been long a domestic at Osbaldistone Hall."

"I have been fighting with wild beasts at Ephesus," said he, "for the best part of these four-and-twenty years, as sure as my name's Andrew Fairservice." Honest Andrew then proceeds in his own fashion to describe his continual intention to quit the service, and his as continual reasons for delay, ending with: "And see I e'en daiker on wi' the family frae year's end to year's end." And yet this fixture in a secluded part of Northumberland, confessedly with no communication from Scotland except a trifle of smuggling across the intermediate border, no sooner arrives in Glasgow (late on a Saturday night), and before he could possibly obtain the slightest information, is suddenly transformed into an accurate and thoroughbred cicerone, as well acquainted with the then existing inhabitants as he might fairly be presumed to be with the Brig, the College, or the Kirk.

"As the congregation departed and dispersed, my friend Andrew exclaimed: "See, yonder is worthy Mr MacVittie and Mrs MacVittie, and Miss Alison MacVittie, and Mr Thomas MacFin, that they say is to marry Miss Alison, if a' bowls row right: she'll hae a hantle siller if she's no that bonny. . . . Speak till him, Mr Francis—he's no provost yet, though they say he'll be my lord neist year. Speak till him then; he'll gie ye a decent answer for as rich as he is, unless ye were wantin siller frae him: they say he's dour to draw his purse." The word 'impossible,' as to Andrew's information, here suggests itself.

Again, Francis Osbaldistone, on the night before his departure from the Hall, is in the garden, on a 'July evening: it was Sabbath.' The same evening he has his last interview with Diana, ascertains from her that Rashleigh Osbaldistone had fled to Glasgow with his father's assets, resolves instantly to hurry on to the same place, and obtains from Miss Vernon a packet. Diana says: "If I understand the nature of your distress rightly, the funds in Rashleigh's possession must be recovered by a certain day: the twelfth of September, I think, is named?" . . .

"Certainly. . . . There cannot be a doubt of it."

"Well," said Diana, . . . "take this packet. . . . You may break the seal within ten days of the fated day, and you will find directions which may possibly be of service to you."

Francis was thus enjoined to wait till the 2d of September—in any view, upwards of a month. He starts at daybreak next morning—Monday—which by no possibility could be later than the 1st of August; the distance between Glasgow and any part of Northumberland, within twenty miles of the Scottish border—and Osbaldistone Hall, we are told, was not further off—could not be more than a day's journey of a horseman reasonably mounted; but allow two, or even three days, for 'such dispatch as we might.' Observe, he had every reason for haste, and he arrives in the 'western metropolis of Scotland' on Saturday night, 'too late to entertain thoughts of business of any kind.' Next day—Sunday—certainly some time early in August, and, after the wonderful specimen of Andrew's second-sight we have already noticed, he meets Rob Roy on the bridge at midnight, goes with him to see Mr Owen in the jail, where the whole party are surprised by Bailie Nicol Jarvie, who, after his extraordinary interview with Rob, turns to Frank, and, supposing him a stage-struck reprobate, exclaims: "Will *Tityre tu patule*, as they ca' it, tell him where Rashleigh Osbaldistone is? or Macbeth, and all his kernes and galla-glasses, and your awn to boot, Rob, procure him five thousand pounds to answer the bills which fall due ten days hence, were they a' roun'd at the Cross, basket-hilts, Andra Ferraras, leather targets, brogues, brochan, and sporrans?"

"Ten days?" Frank exclaims, and instantly draws out Diana Vernon's packet, and breaks the seal; a letter falls, which the Bailie lifts and hands to Rob. Rob reads it, promises assistance, and invites the Bailie and Frank to meet him at the Clachan of Aberfoil to eat a dish of Scotch collops. "I'll hae somebody waiting to weise ye the gate to the place where I may be for the time. There's my thumb, I'll ne'er beguile thee."

Now here the word 'impossible' must suggest itself, unless we are content to obliterate the month of August from the calendar.

Next forenoon, Monday, Frank meets Rashleigh in the College-garden, and fights him. The combat is interrupted by Rob, who leaves him, saying: "I maun gae and get Rashleigh out o' the town afore waur comes o't, for the neb o' him's never out o' mischief." This interview could not have been earlier than about a quarter to one, p.m.—that is, before the Bailie's dinner-hour. Rob has to follow Rashleigh, and, in terms of Diana's letter, to force him to give up the assets, in which it is afterwards stated that he was assisted by the 'united authority of Sir Frederick Vernon and the Scottish chiefs,' then on the eve of the great Jacobite insurrection of 1715, Rashleigh being till this moment one of their most trusted agents. Is it possible that this could have been effected in Glasgow on this Monday evening? Unless it were so, Rashleigh must have had a busy day on Tuesday, for he had to ride to Stirling to disclose to the governor the whole plan of the intended insurrection. The governor and Rashleigh had then to communicate with Iverach and Inver-shalloch, Major Galbraith, Captain Thornton, the Duke of Montrose, and Morris the gauger—for all these widely-dispersed parties were necessarily concerned in the combined attack on Rob's country by the Lennox horsemen under Galbraith, and the western Highlanders, and in the capture of Rob himself, as both attack and capture took place upon the Wednesday morning. On Tuesday morning, the Bailie and Frank had set out at five o'clock—a frosty morning, be it observed, a week after the July walk at Osbaldistone Hall—and some hours after nightfall reached the Clachan of Aberfoil, where they found the leaders of the combined forces



waiting the arrival of Captain Thornton, who shortly after enters with special orders to arrest Sir Frederick and Diana Vernon, in default of whom he lays his hands on Frank and the worthy Bailie. On Wednesday morning, Rob is captured, Thornton defeated, Morris the gauger murdered in cold blood (this is really, and far more than the trifling discrepancies we have ventured to notice, the blot of the story; and we cannot imagine how Scott, for the mere sake of effect, should have allowed himself so fearfully to distort the lineaments of the consort and followers of the gallant, gentle outlaw); Rob escapes, and keeps his tryst with Frank and the Bailie—delivering the assets, and paying his debt—all on Wednesday evening. Now, reader, must there not be something almost magical in the author who makes you swallow with unconscious delight such glaring impossibilities as these? Our astonishment is, not that you have never noticed them, for we confess it was only after the fifteenth perusal they ever occurred to ourselves. The wonder is, that Scott himself did not make some alteration, or allusion at least, in his elaborate revision—the slightest alteration would have sufficed. There is no need to mention July or Sunday in the evening preceding Frank's quitting the Hall; and by detaining Frank and the Bailie a few days in Glasgow before proceeding to Aberfoil, all might be brought not only within the possible, but within the easy and probable.

The oft-repeated objection to the extreme rapidity with which the novel, in a manner, huddles itself up at the end, and the inartistic ferocity with which the author exterminates poor Sir Hildebrand and all his seven sons, merely to let Frank inherit, does not come within our scope as belonging to the great order of the 'possible,' though certainly to the class of 'very unlikely;' but for our part we may say, we would excuse it all most willingly, had he afforded us even the slightest insight into the wooing and the married life of Diana Vernon. She is perhaps the most fascinating of all his creations—a sort of female Mercutio—and perhaps for the same reason she is thus abruptly and tantalisingly disposed of. Frank says: "How I sped in my wooing, Will Tresham, I need not tell you. You know, too, how long and happily I lived with Diana; you know how I lamented her; but you do not, cannot know how much she deserved her husband's sorrow." What a pity it is that Diana on the stage should be degraded to a mere walking and singing lady, without one of her exquisite characteristics! What a scene might have been made of the interview at Justice Inglewood's, between her and the frightened craven Morris, the gawk of a clerk Jobson, and Campbell himself! 'Ohon! ohon!' as Rob Roy says, 'mony a laugh that job's gien me!'

Our last objection to this most delightful romance is only another proof of the strong hold that all the characters, without exception, have upon the reader. In the early editions, vulgar, conceited, selfish, but most amusing Andrew Fairservice, is reinstated in his situation as gardener at Osbaldistone Hall; and although the rascal did not deserve it, yet one feels sorry now, that, in the collected edition, he has lost his situation—at least, it is not mentioned that he was retained in it.

Turn we now to the splendid masque of *Ivanhoe*, for masque it is, according to the lexicographer's definition of the term—namely, 'a dramatic performance, written in a tragic style, without attention to rules or probability;' but we take higher ground, and say, without attention to rules or possibility, as, for instance:—The templar Brian De Bois Guilbert arrives in armour at the house of Cedric the Saxon; before entering the supper-room, 'he had exchanged his shirt of mail for an under-tunic of dark purple silk,' &c. While sitting at supper, he defies the supposed absent Ivanhoe in these terms: "Yet this I will say, and loudly—that were he in England, and durst repeat, in this week's

tournament, the challenge of St John de Acre, I, mounted and armed as I now am, would give him every advantage of weapons, and abide the result."

Scott, in one of his exquisitely amusing self-dennunciations, accuses the author of *Ivanhoe* of not only blessing the bed of Edward the Confessor with a progeny unknown to history, but also of inverting the order of nature, by feeding swine with acorns at midsummer; but these do not come within our scope, as they do not involve the absolutely impossible; perhaps, therefore, we ought not to be allowed the following observation, as the incident may come within the verge of possibility, though certainly on the extremest edge of the improbable. Ivanhoe dates in A.D. 1196, the period of Cœur de Lion's return from captivity. Cedric the Saxon, a prisoner in Torquilstone, thus soliloquises: "Yes; it was in this very hall that my father feasted with Torquil Wolfanger, when he entertained the valiant and unfortunate Harold, then advancing against the Norwegians." This feast must, therefore, have been immediately before the battle of Stamford, and the subsequent battle of Hastings—both fought in the year 1066, or 128 years previously. Cedric's father is elsewhere described as 'not the worst defender of the Saxon crown;' he, therefore, must have been an approved, experienced warrior, say at least thirty years old, at the time of the battle of Hastings, and must have been considerably upwards of 100 years old when he described the feast to his son Cedric, who, at the date of the novel, approaches his 'sixtieth' year. The Saxon Ulrica, too, the daughter of the aforesaid Torquil Wolfanger, must, from the context, have been a woman about the time of the conquest, and yet, at least 128 years afterwards—allowing ten years for the completion of the conquest, and putting the slaughter of Wolfanger and his sons by the elder Front de Bœuf at the very end of this term—she says: "Here I dwelt till age, premature age, has stamped its ghastly features on my countenance." Why, even in the days of Adah and Zillah, wives of Lamech, this could hardly have been called 'premature' age.

Had Cedric spoken of his grandfather, instead of his father, the violent improbability would have been avoided; but we must own that Ulrica would not have been so easily managed, unless, like Milton's Eve, before quoted, she could have been her own grand-daughter.\* But we hasten to give our humble tribute to the admirable skill with which the author contrives to evolve the complications of his story previous to the storming of Torquilstone.

Like the motions of converging troops under a consummate commander, or the succeeding scenes of a perfect drama, the different agents, multitudinous and dispersed as they are, concentrate themselves in and around the beleaguered fortress, with a coherence and exactitude which could not be surpassed.

Not so, however, when they disperse after the fortress is stormed. The templar rushes off with Rebecca to the preceptory of Templestowe; the Saxon, Athelstan, is struck down, apparently dead, in the courtyard; the fierce and vengeful Ulrica, in the midst of the flames, sings her tremendous death-song, which seems the very acmé of savage grandeur and ferocity: it is equal to the actual death-song of the old Viking Regner Lodbrog, sung in his barrel of venomous snakes. Meanwhile, the wounded Ivanhoe is carried to the neighbouring convent of St Botolph, and Robin Hood and the Black Knight retire to the trysting-tree, in the Hart-hill walk, 'there at break of day to make distribution.'

Of course, the main interest now follows the captive Rebecca (perhaps the most interesting of all Scott's

\* We have always been in the habit of regarding these anachronisms of Scott as arising from inadvertency. He had evidently been under the delusion, that he was writing of the conclusion of the eleventh, not the twelfth century.—Ed.

heroines; we say interesting in contradistinction to fascinating—Rebecca being the most interesting, Diana Vernon the most fascinating) and her destined deliverer Ivanhoe. She is carried to Templestowe—described as a day's journey from Torquilstone—where, we may suppose, she arrives in the middle of the night.

Early next morning, her father, Isaac the Jew, is rescued from the ruins, and permitted to set off for Templestowe, to attempt the rescue of his daughter. He reaches it next forenoon, encounters the grand-master of the templars, who instantly orders the trial of Rebecca for witchcraft; she is tried the same day at noon, convicted, but allowed a champion, and the combat appointed to take place the *third* day after—that is, the fifth day from the destruction of Torquilstone.

Now let us follow Ivanhoe. On the evening of the storming of the castle, he is conveyed to St Botolph, where he remains all next day; and the morning following, he leaves it, and, after several adventures, he reaches Coningsburgh 'while the sun was yet in the horizon.' Meanwhile, on the same day, Rebecca's trial had terminated; and Isaac, posting across the country, finds Ivanhoe at Coningsburgh immediately on his arrival. Ill-natured criticism might ask how he knew where to find him—perhaps by calling at St Botolph's, which would only make his journey the longer. The distance from Templestowe must therefore have been trifling. On hearing of Rebecca's danger, the knight instantly remounts, dashes along at headlong speed, arrives in the lists, horse and man 'reeling from fatigue,' just exactly *three* days before he was wanted; and yet, strange to say, at the very moment when a champion was despaired of, alike by the judges, victim, and crowd.

Now, surely, this is manifestly out of the possible. But this is not all. Athelstan the Saxon, struck down by the templar in the courtyard, was next morning 'sadly and slowly borne on the shoulders of his vassals to his castle of Coningsburgh.' It turns out, however, that he was actually conveyed to the convent of St Edmund's, where he revives, and rushing across the country to his own castle, reaches it immediately after Ivanhoe—that is, upon the evening of the *second* day from the storming of Torquilstone. Taken for a spectre, and asked by Cedric if he were alive, he answers: "'I am as much alive as he can be who has fed on bread and water for *three* days, which seemed three ages. Yes, bread and water, father Cedric! By Heaven, and all saints in it, better food hath not passed my weasand for three live-long days, and by God's providence it is that I am now here to tell it.'"

That this must refer to the period *since* his revival, and not to his immediately preceding incarceration, is evident by what he afterwards says: "'Front de Bœuf was burned alive for a less matter, for he kept a good table for his prisoners, only put too much garlic in his last dish of pottage.'"

We might also object to the appearance of Friar Tuck in two places at the same time in the course of this eventful day. He is feasting in the forest with King Richard and Robin Hood, and at the same time indulging in a jollification at St Edmund's, when interrupted by Athelstan.

Our last remark concerns the lists at Templestowe. 'The slow procession moved up the gentle eminence,' &c.—'there was then a momentary halt, while the grand-master and all his attendants, excepting the champion and his godfathers, *dismounted* from their horses, which were immediately *removed* out of the lists by the esquires.' Ivanhoe appears, Bois Guilbert dies in his saddle, a victim 'to the violence of his own contending passions.' The maiden is pronounced 'free and guiltless,' and Ivanhoe, ordering the funeral of his antagonist, is interrupted 'by a clattering of horses' feet, advancing in such numbers and so rapidly as to shake the ground

before them, and the Black Knight galloped into the lists, followed by' a small army.

After some altercation with the grand-master, who was thus taken by surprise, he and his templars appear suddenly to be on horseback, and all fully armed: 'they drew together in a dark line of spears, and the Earl of Essex, when he beheld them pause in their assembled force,' galloped backwards and forwards to array his followers 'in opposition to a band so formidable.' The grand-master *rides* forward in advance, and the whole body moves off 'as slowly as their horses could step, as if to shew it was only the will of their grand-master, and no fear of the opposing and superior force, which compelled them to withdraw.'

It is certainly quite consistent with the character of Richard that he should allow them to mount and arm, instead of taking them at so complete a disadvantage; indeed Scott afterwards, in the *Betrothed*, makes Richard, then Prince Richard, say, in reference to a garrison about to surrender at discretion through famine: "'It were better send such fellows their dinner, and then buffet it out with them for the castle, than to starve them, as the beggarly Frenchmen famish their hounds.'" But this the author should have told us, and not have allowed the horses, as it were, to have started out of the ground beneath them.

Such are the spots we have found on these two splendid suns, and can any one say they have dimmed their brightness? To us, this minute measuring, and comparing of days and hours, only seems to make more real these enchanting adventures.

#### GUINEA TRADERS.

The wealth of the natives of Africa from the earliest ages down to the present time, has consisted exclusively of the natural productions of their burning clime. With the exception of Egypt, no nation in that vast, mysterious, and wonderful division of the globe, has ever become so civilised as to produce by manual skill articles of commercial value to sell or barter with other races of men. It is supposed that the 'ivory, apes, peacocks, gold,' &c., brought to King Solomon by the 'ships of Tarshish,' were obtained from Africa. From that remote period till now, it is highly probable that the intercourse, based on the traffic in question, between Europeans, Asiatics, and Africans, has continued year by year without any interval of suspension; nor do we think there has ever been any material difference in the manner of trading.

We purpose describing the mode of doing business which prevails at this day in the Gulf of Guinea, a locality which has always been eminent for traffic beyond any other part of the western coast. We are enabled to gather ample and reliable information for our purpose from a book, entitled *Trade and Travels in the Gulf of Guinea*, written by a gentleman named Smith, who made several voyages as ship's surgeon and 'trading-captain'—as the natives call the supercargo or agent for the European merchant. We shall avoid all reference to everything in the book, but what relates to the mode of trading; and the summary we shall present will, we think, be sufficiently novel and curious to interest the reader.

A ship having arrived at any of the little ports or trading-towns, is moored as closely to the shore as may be safe or convenient, and then the trader goes ashore to pay or compound for 'comey' or custom-dues with the king of the place. These duties are paid in goods in proportion to the ship's tonnage. The crew meanwhile strike masts and yards, and clear the hold for stowing palm-oil, &c. The goods brought by the ship are sent ashore, and placed under a temporary shed on the beach, under charge of two or more African Kroumen—for it would be certain death for white men to sleep ashore—who watch them day and night, and

are accountable for them. Here we may observe that the sole medium of trade is barter, or exchange of goods. Just as in all other commercial transactions, the supply of each article regulates its price. Thus tobacco will sometimes fall 800 per cent. in a brief period when vessels arrive with large quantities; and fowls will rise from 6d. to 2s. each when sickness among the Europeans causes a large demand for them. Whatever European commodity is novel, will probably have a run.

Custom having been settled with the king, the ship hoists her colours and fires a gun, as a signal to open trade. Forthwith, the vessel is boarded by crowds of natives, who 'crack fingers' with the Europeans, and flatter them to the top of their bent. All this has a very palpable object; and if the reader supposes that the white trader, by aid of his superior faculties and education, takes advantage of the ignorance and simplicity of the poor black, he greatly errs, for although this may occasionally happen, yet, as a general rule, the reverse is rather the case, for the chief natives are as keen men of business in their way as any man on Liverpool or Glasgow 'Change. If the white man can so manage that he is not cheated himself, he may rest content. The African *bakshish* is termed 'dash.' 'Making dashes, or presents, has become part of the trade from usage, and to know how to make presents judiciously is a very important branch of the knowledge of it. When the negro trader comes to look at your goods, he asks for a dash; when he brings you goods, he wants one; and when he receives payment, another. The head slaves look for dashes; the pilots, both in bringing you in and taking you out of the rivers, independent of a fixed payment, receive dashes; indeed, whatever the occasion of a black man's coming on board may be, a dash is always solicited. Nothing connected with trade tires your patience so much as their importunities for presents.'

It is astonishing to what an extent some of the native chiefs and large traders are intrusted with goods. 'With the utmost confidence, a fellow nearly naked will ask you for three or four, or even five thousand pounds' worth of goods on credit, and individuals are often trusted to that amount. I have trusted more than one man with goods, the returns of which were worth between two and three thousand pounds.' Not one in ten, however, who asks for credit, is worthy of it; and trusting to any amount whatever entirely depends on circumstances. The character a negro trader bears, and the size of his house, and the number of his slaves and wives, are the criteria of his worth as a man of business. Some of the chiefs are said, by Mr Smith, to be splendid merchants. They are hard, he says, in bargaining; but the agreement once made, they conscientiously adhere to it, and they are as exact in their payments as their European brethren.

The articles which the English trader takes out with him to barter are exceedingly multifarious. There are all sorts of gaudy cotton-prints from Manchester; guns, iron bars, copper and brass rods, knives, buttons, beads, and hardware of all descriptions from Birmingham; musical instruments, silks, gunpowder, rum, &c. All goods paid to the natives are called *bars*, derivable from the custom that once prevailed of making an iron bar the standard of value. The value of goods is reckoned (almost nominally) by the manilla—which is a piece of copper, worth about 2½d. Rum, tobacco, cowries, &c., are sold wholesale, and the smallest quantity of oil received is a punchon. The articles which the African gives in exchange are principally palm-oil, ivory, gum copal, and small quantities of gold-dust. Some of the ivory tusks are of great size and weight. They vary from thirty to seventy poundweights each tusk, but our author has obtained one of a pair that would weigh together above 290 pounds. We learn without much surprise, that the

black man is quite as roguishly expert at adulterating his goods as his white brother can possibly be. He, for instance, mixes sand and copper-filings with gold-dust; pours melted lead into the cavities of elephant's tusks to increase their weight; and mixes palm-oil with chopped plaintain-sucker, mud, water, calabash, &c. 'Every conceivable mode of deception is resorted to,' says Mr Smith, 'to cheat you. Some of them are not indifferently coopers, and with the cooper's tools they have stolen from ships, cut off the chimes of the casks with which they are supplied to put oil in, and make new ones; or knock down the cask entirely, and take out a stave or two ere putting it together again; or nail pieces of wood to the inside of the heads of the casks.' But at the large and beautiful island of Fernando Po—situated about a score of miles from the mainland in the Bight of Biafra—a far more primitive and satisfactory mode of barter still prevails, although it is mainly confined on the part of the natives to a supply of edibles. A line is drawn on the beach—the natives remaining on one side of it, and the Europeans on the other. The former lay down their yams, or whatever they wish to sell, and the latter place beads, tobacco, or whatever they are willing to give in exchange. Should the native be content, the two contracting parties mutually cross the line, and each takes possession of his newly-acquired property.

Bartering in the Gulf of Guinea is tedious enough, but it is far worse to the southward, where the native holds out merely for the love of higgling and disputing, although he may have made up his mind from the first to accept what you have offered. When the Guinea negro has made the very best bargain he can, and has at length paid for it with the articles agreed, he then torments the trader for the usual dash. 'He first wants a valuable article—such as a gun, or a piece of high-priced cloth—which if he does not get, nay, whether he does or not, he next solicits an article of less value, such as a knife; then a night-cap, then a mug, afterwards a plate, and lastly a tobacco-pipe.'

Of course the priests are by no means backward on their part in begging, or rather, demanding dashes; and it is highly advisable, if not altogether necessary, to propitiate them, for they possess sufficient power over both chiefs and people to put a stop to trading under certain circumstances. A remarkable instance of this is related. On one part of the coast, the *guana*—a sort of huge lizard—is *Ju-ju*, or sacred, and is regarded as a tutelar divinity. It happened that one of these creatures crawled on board a ship, and one of the coopers, not aware of the consequences of the act, cruelly cut about a foot off its tail. 'Several scores of natives were on board at this time, and were so alarmed, that they all instantly betook themselves to their canoes in the greatest trepidation, every moment expecting the ship would sink, or be struck with lightning, for his having dared to offer such an indignity to one of their gods. Formal demand was made by the priests, through the king, for the perpetrator of this awfully sacrilegious act, to be given up to them for punishment, which would certainly be death; and every native was interdicted trading with the ship, or even going on board, under the heaviest penalty. This is called "putting mark for ship." Under these circumstances, the traders found it necessary to open a conciliatory negotiation with the priests and natives; and ultimately, on paying the latter a large quantity of goods, the *tuboo* was removed from the ship, the cooper forgiven, and all things resumed their usual course.

The chiefs and rich native traders buy all descriptions of elegant and costly European furniture—including sofas, fauteuils, ottomans, mirrors, gold and silver cloth, damask table-covers, carpets, &c., as well as many refined luxuries, such as musical boxes, pianofortes, &c. Now, all they care for about these things, is the mere fact of possession—the ability to boast of

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having articles not possessed by the majority of their countrymen. As to putting them to use, that is out of the question. Hundreds of pounds of valuable goods are lumbered together in a large hut and left to rot; or the more portable articles are packed in boxes and buried in the ground, where the insects and reptiles make short work with them. A chief will give anything for a novelty, no matter what it is, or whether he even understands its use, and will half ruin himself sometimes, rather than a rival should outbid him for the coveted article. Is not human nature the same at bottom all the world over? The native huts, it may be added, are exceedingly liable to be burned, and in this way large stores of European commodities are continually being destroyed.

When a ship has sold all her cargo, the upper masts are sent aloft again, as a signal that the vessel has done trading, and is now waiting the settlement of all outstanding accounts; and now the worst trials of the trader's patience come on. If the negro merchant has fairly pledged his word to pay on a certain day, he generally redeems the promise; but more frequently he puts off payment on all sorts of pretences, or perhaps tries cajolery and threats alternately, until the white man's patience being exhausted, the debtor yields to necessity, and sends the stipulated quantity of oil, or what not, on board the ship. It is interesting to learn how the natives manage to keep accounts with their numerous customers or creditors. 'The principal chiefs of Old Calabar are acquainted with the arts of reading and writing, which they apply in their business transactions. The inhabitants of the other rivers trust entirely to their memories, which necessity and use have enabled them to cultivate and strengthen to an extraordinary degree. Although they trust to their own memories, they will not trust those of Europeans; neither will they trust to their books: they have more confidence in themselves than they have in you, and in the artificial assistance you have at command. Receipts for elephants' tusks, oil, &c., are given in writing. Agreements of all kinds, and promissory-notes, and orders upon the officers of the ship, are also given under your hand, on scraps of paper, which they fold carefully up, and tie in the corners of their handkerchiefs. A native trader doing business with ten or fifteen ships at the same time, whose transactions extend to every article of commerce they have, has an incredible number of written documents or books, but I never knew a wrong book presented. Their head slaves and wives assist in arranging, taking care of, and remembering them.'

Whatever the Guinea trade may be to the ship's owner, owing to the deadliness of the climate, it is a most unpleasant and dangerous one for the crew. Then the voyage is invariably a long one, owing to the time occupied in 'housing' the ship—which is absolutely necessary, for the heavy rains begin in May or June, and continue without intermission for several months—preparing the goods, trading them away, and getting in the return cargo. The coast is also liable to tremendous tornadoes, attended by awful thunder and forked lightning, blazing from every point of the compass at once. The ship is shaken to her very keel by the thunder, and is frequently struck in either masts or hull by the lightning; and what renders this liability more appalling is the fact, that a Guinea ship has often as much as thirty or even forty tons of gunpowder on board, for the purpose of barter, and it is therefore no wonder that ships are occasionally blown to atoms. Some years ago, the captain of a ship lying in Old Calabar, deliberately struck a lighted cigar in a barrel of powder, and blew the vessel up, a Krouman being hurled through one of the cabin-windows to a great distance on the water unharmed.

In our younger days, we rejoiced in the possession of a favourite little book, called *The Tarry-at-home Traveller*,

or some such title, and among its engravings was one depicting a scene on the African coast, the actors being a European trader and a black native. The letter-press informed us, that when the white man wished to obtain gold-dust by barter, the rule and custom was to dig a hole in the sand, which was then filled level-full with glass-beads, iron-nails, knives, trinkets, and other trifling articles of small value. Then the poor innocent black man emptied the hole of these, and in return poured in gold-dust until it was level-full again; and both parties were satisfied that they had made a perfectly just and equitable exchange! We well remember how our eyes used to expand over this narrative, and how we longed to make a fortune by bartering a hole full of glass-beads for the same bulk of gold-dust! Mr Smith's matter-of-fact narrative has utterly destroyed the charming visions of our childhood: Sambo is no longer a generous confiding innocent; his heart has grown as hard as the soles of his feet; and he can calculate the value of commodities as accurately and keenly as though he had studied Cocker all his days, with a thorough Yankee pedagogue for his preceptor. We will never again believe in Tarry-at-home Travellers.

#### THE WRITTEN FISH.

Is an article on the Herring, in No. 490 of this Journal, there is an account of two herrings caught at different times and places, marked with what resembled Gothic characters. It may perhaps interest our readers to have the following brief account—sent to us by an eye-witness—of a somewhat similar and much more recent phenomenon:—

'At Dunmore East, situated at the entrance of the Waterford Harbour, on last St John's Eve, June 23, 1853, some few of the fishermen there, regardless of old prejudice, and of the Roman Catholic prohibition against doing any kind of work on that day, set out in a yawl to catch fish, as they had done the evening before. Their labour was not unprofitable. They caught the unprecedented number of eleven dozen and one hakes. Having counted and prepared the eleven dozen for the market, the odd fish fell to the share of one of the men named Galgey. It was a very fine fish, and Galgey's wife cut it in two, and boiled the tail-half for the family dinner. At the repast, one of the lads suddenly exclaimed: "O father, there are words written on this fish! Look: here are letters!" It was so. On the fibrous edge of one of the flakes of the fish were stamped, in the clearest type, the letters Gospe,\* the remainder of the word being apparently broken off, and perhaps eaten. No other letters were to be seen elsewhere on the fish. The written fragment was immediately put aside, and as soon as the circumstance became known, Galgey's house was thronged with visitors; among them, the rector of the parish, the curate, and the Roman Catholic priest, as well as most of the residents and visitors at Dunmore. The writer also saw it. The letters appeared as if stamped on a very thin film. The type was most beautifully clear: the finest London letter-press looked coarse and thick in comparison. The colour was a bright brown black. On examination with a microscope, it was said, there appeared a golden shade round the edges of the letters; but with the naked eye this was not visible. Attempts were made to imitate the letters, with pen and ink, on another part of the fish: both common and marking ink were tried; but nothing at all legible could be traced, as the ink at once ran. No such thing as a type for printing could be had in the village, and most probably no one who could use it had there been any. Deception of this kind was utterly impossible.

\* The letters are imitated by our correspondent in the manuscript. They resemble ordinary Roman letters of the Great Primer size, and of a somewhat antiquated fashion.

'Several persons spoke of sending some account of this curious circumstance to the newspapers, but the almost certainty that it would not be believed deterred us from so doing. I understand, however, that some of the gentlemen who witnessed the phenomenon are now about to publish a tract or pamphlet on the subject. The writer conversed with many of the villagers regarding the fish. One old woman alone seemed to think it an ill-omen: she shook her head, and said: "They had no business to go fishing on a holy day. What better could they expect than that a wonder would overtake them? In the good old times, not a man of them would dare to put his foot into a boat on St John's Eve." The others all hailed it as a good omen, and one said, while a surrounding group approvingly listened: "It was a blessed fish, and must have been sent by St John himself to bid us hear [the speaker could not read] his own blessed gospel."

'Some persons wished to have this curiosity sent to the Dublin Exhibition. The writer desired to have it, for the purpose of transmitting it to a learned naturalist; but it was taken possession of by the Roman Catholic priest.'

The letters traced on the fish, we presume—admitting that the fact is correctly reported—must be regarded as one of those *lusus nature* of which landscape marble, and sections of agates that present human countenances, are examples.

#### DRYING VEGETABLES FOR LONG KEEPING.

At a late meeting of the New York Farmers' Club, specimens of various vegetables were presented, and soup made from them exhibited, which had been dried by a secret process, so that they could be kept for an indefinite length of time, with a perfect retention of flavour. They are cut into thin slices before subjected to the drying process, but this is all the information on this point that we are favoured with. The process originated in France, where for some years it has been in successful practice. It has been tried with satisfactory results on all common vegetables, except potatoes and beets. The *New York Agriculturist* says: 'We tasted (imported) cabbage, and found it as good as new—to our taste.' Cabbage loses about fifteen parts of water out of sixteen, by the operation; carrots, about nine parts out of ten. The cost of preparation is said to be about two cents for each pound of the dried article. They have already remained uninjured during a four years' sea-voyage. Vegetables dried in this way, we should think, would form an excellent accompaniment for meat-biscuit.—*Country Gentleman* (Albany paper).

#### THE MOCKING-BIRD.

The most curious thing in the city, despite the brown-skinned and long-tailed Celestials, is a little brown bird of about the size of a robin, kept in a wire-cage at the book-store of D. B. Cooke & Co. It is the American mocking-bird (*Turdus Orpheus*). We give the scientific name both to shew our learning, and to enable some to know what bird we mean, since there are other birds called by the same common name. This little *Turdus* looks as though he might chirrup about a three-cent ditty on a rail-fence by a Scandinavian stable; but just stop a minute and hear him. There will be a canary's song, better than a canary can give it; then the twitter of a swallow, then the cluck of a hen, then the mew of a cat, the bark or squeal of a dog—then snatches of the notes of thrushes, blue-jays, tom-tits, crows, kingbirds, owls, meadow-larks, and every other conceivable piped which flies and makes a noise. Whether the fellow has heard all these, and picked up their tunes—or whether he just sets his song-mill in motion, and lets it go where it will, and it runs perforce of its own accord into all these channels, we cannot tell. If the first is true, he has a singular memory; if the latter, his machine has queer gearing. At all events, he is better worth going to see and hear than either the Fat Woman, the Learned Pig, Steffanone's Concert, or the Chinese Twins.—*Prairie Farmer*.

#### THE TOAST.

THE feast is o'er! Now brimming wine  
In lordly cup is seen to shine  
Before each eager guest,  
And silence fills the crowded hall,  
As deep as when the herald's call  
Thrills in the loyal breast.

Then up arose the noble host  
And smiling cried: 'A toast! a toast!  
To all our ladies fair.  
Here, before all, I pledge the name  
Of Staunton's proud and beauteous dame—  
The Ladye Gundamere!'

Then to his feet each gallant sprang,  
And joyous was the shout that rung  
As Stanley gave the word;  
And every cup was raised on high,  
Nor ceased the loud and gladsome cry,  
Till Stanley's voice was heard.

'Enough, enough,' he smiling said,  
And lowly bent his haughty head,  
'That all may have their due,  
Now each in turn must play his part,  
And pledge the ladye of his heart,  
Like gallant knight and true!'

Then one by one each guest sprang up  
And drained in turn the brimming cup,  
And named the loved one's name;  
And each, as hand on high he raised,  
His ladye's grace or beauty praised,  
Her constancy and fame.

'Tis now St Leon's turn to rise,  
On him are fixed those countless eyes—  
A gallant knight is he;  
Enviied by some, admired by all,  
Far famed in ladye's bower, and hall,  
The flower of chivalry.

St Leon raised his kindling eye,  
And lifts the sparkling cup on high:  
'I drink to one,' he said,  
'Whose image never may depart,  
Deep graven on this grateful heart,  
Till memory be dead.

'To one whose love for me shall last  
When lighter passions long have past,  
So holy 'tis and true;  
To one whose love hath longer dwelt,  
More deeply fixed, more keenly felt,  
Than any pledged by you.'

Each guest upstarted at the word,  
And laid a hand upon his sword,  
With fury-flashing eye,  
And Stanley said: 'We crave the name,  
Proud knight, of this most peerless dame,  
Whose love you count so high.'

St Leon paused, as if he would  
Not breathe her name in careless mood  
Thus lightly to another;  
Then bent his noble head as though  
To give that word the reverence due,  
And gently said: 'My Mother!'

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